



A New

S O N G.

COME ye Westminster Boys,
All sing and rejoice,
Your Friends in the House will not fail ye,
We'll the Soldiers indite,
And set all matters right,
In spite of that R—e the High-Bai—y.

Let us raise our Bonfires,
As high as the Spires,
And ring every Bell in the Steeple;
All the Arts we defy,
Of the whole M—ry,
To run V——n down with the People.

Stand round and appear,
All ye hearts of Oak here,
And set the proud Don at Defiance,
To V——n let's drink,
Who made France and Spain stink,
And B—b, whose with both in Alliance.

Let no true lad flinch,
Now we're at this pinch,
But our Admiral safely rely on,
For this honest Fellow,
Who took Porto bello,
Shall find B—b a Gibbet to Dye on.

Stop not V——n's Career,
Thro' Folly, or Fear,
Least the French, or the Spaniards should bear ye,
Nor let Don Geraldino,
Buffy, Horace, and Keen——o,
Bamboozle you with a new Treaty.

'Tis time, then be bold,
Be not thus bought and sold,
Nor let Mounfiers old Tricks still seduce ye,
Like your Forefathers try,
To conquer or dye,
E'er France to a Province reduce ye.

Hessian Troops are all sham,
The Neutrality damn,
The Convention and every Vagary,
All the Money they've got,
Is now gone to Pot,
And so is the Queen of Hungary.

Let us send Ships and Food,
To V——n that's good,
For unless Heaven feed him with Manna,
His Designs they'll defeat,
For without Men or Meat,
How can he e'er take the Havana.

And besides we should send,
A true militant Friend,
Nor longer be Bob's or Spain's Dupe—a,
They there would agree,
Both by Land and by Sea,
And soon would be Masters of Cuba.